A BABY'S LOOK.

Oft I sit and try to conjure Up the fancies. The old memories that he Must be heir to when he rests his Worldwise glances, As he often does, on me. Are there dim old recollections

Of a fairer place than earth That come trooping in upon him-Of the mother Who forsook him at his birth?

Who shall fathom the deep meaning That is often in his eyes?
Is his mind surcharged with wisdom From some book That he studied in the skies?

Does he have his dim old memories Of a clime That is fair and far away, As I've had them, as you've had them In your time—
As we still do? Who shall say?
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

DIVA EVINA.

Far from the haunts of men, in a lonely spot near the dense forest, lived a peasant. He had one daughter. He called her Evina. His hut was built on the banks of a lake. No other habitation was to be seen for miles, save a little house on the other side of the lake. That was the home of an old couple, who, by cultivating a small piece of land, managed to eke out a precarious existence. They had a son, known as Vermund. Trout and other fish abounded in the lake, the forest was full of birds and game, but, excepting an occasional woodchopper, no human being had ever appeared there.

Frem early childhood Evina had found great pleasure in singing. She learned to imitate the notes of the birds, and in tune her songs surpassed those of all the birds in the fcrest. Whenever Vermund heard her sing he dropped his ax or rested in his boat. Then he began to think how nice it would be to have Evina in his own hut all the time, so he should not miss her voice and song when the storm drowned every other meledy. Then he began to go to the village. He sold fish and he bartered birds. He received money for his wares, and never did he return without some sweets for Evina. He had heard in the town that people marry, and he told Evina that they, too, ought to get married. All that was necessary, they had told him. was to sell some more birds and some more fish and then to give the money to the priest, who would publish the bans. And Evina agreed.

The leaves of the trees began to turn yellow and red. Only three more weeks were to pass before they would have the marriage ceremony performed. During the clear and still autumn evenings Evina sang and sang. Never before did she sing as well, never before had she been so happy. In three short weeks she would be housed on the other side of the lake. Then she would not have to call to Vermund over the water.

She had been singing all the afternoon. Her happiness was complete, and her voice sounded more birdlike than ever before. Then out of the forest came several fine gentlemen.

have never heard a voice like yours. said the one who was tallest.

"That is quite possible." said Evina, "for the dense forest is the best place to sing in. It is so wonderful in there.' They asked who she was, where she lived, and they went with her to see her father. Among themselves they talked in a language she could not understand. They looked at her; they made signs to each other; they talked loudly and excitedly.

In the hut they found Evina's father busily engaged in making brooms. He had seen fine gentlemen before, and he knew that they did not come to order brooms. He ordered his daughter to keep still, for he wanted to hear what the visitors had to say. He was almost frightened when the tall man put a hundred kroner bill on the table and told him that Evina must come to the city and sing there. In one year, so the tall man told him, she could earn money enough to buy a large farm for her fa-

Evina was amazed. She did not know what a city was. She had once been to the village, and she thought the things she saw there very wonderful. But she was ready to go to the city and willing

"One thing only, I beg of you," said "Wait until I have married Ver-

No: that could not be. After she had - earned riches she could return home, if she chose and marry Vermund, but now she must go with them-go that very

On her way she sang. She said good by to Vermund in a song. The gentlemen stood and listened. They wondered and looked at her with admiration. The one who looked the noblest, he who gave the money to her father, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. He was crying, yet he had not even seen Ver-

Never before had Evina slept in so soft a bed as was given her in the city She had never even thought of such beautiful things as those that surrounded her Only the air seemed to be close and heavy She felt an impulse to go out into the country. So in the midst of the night she got up. She would run home. But the door was closed, securely bolted. There she lay and cried until morning came. They brought her coffee, they brought her cake, but she could

Later kind men came and taught her what to do when she should sing before many people. They gave her beautiful dresses, they took her to a large house all aglow with brilliant lights. They taught her how to bow, how to retire. how to return and bow again.

Then came the night when the people were to listen to her. When she appeared on the stage she saw many heads close together; they reminded her of the tree tops in her forest. She thought of Vermund. She began in a clear, silvery voice. Those who heard her seemed to hear the lark as she rises in the air. More and more joyful did it sound; her voice increased in power: she sang as she used to sing when she sent greetings to Vermund across the lake.

When she had finished her song the whole sea of upturned faces remained immovable. There was no applause, and hurriedly she retired. Then an uproar broke loose. "Evina! Evina!" they shouted. They clapped their hands, they stamped with their feet, they reminded her of the hobgoblins in her forest.

Louder and louder did they shout and greater and greater did the applause bed greater and greater did the applause bed greater. On the next day it was rain-

come after each song. Finally she could | ing and raining. The lake was tempessing no more. She picked up a small part of the flowers they showered upon her, she bowed once more and retired. Early next morning a man came to her and handed her a purse full of gold. He told her it was hers for her songs last

with her and go home to her Vermund. The man smiled. "This is only the beginning," he said. "When you have learned to sing more correctly, we will travel through many lands, and you will get money

night. Then she wanted to take it all

enough to tuy great estates.' Then came a maestro who taught her how to read music. Another taught her how to walk. how to stand and how to carry herself gracefully. Then came tailors and modistes. They brought dresses and bonnets, and all told her she must buy jewelry. She learned and she sang. She traveled with a man whom they called an impresario. She went from city to city, from country to country. She acquired foreign languages, she cultivated a taste for champagne and other dainties which were distasteful to her at the beginning. She sang in operas. Kings and emperors listened to her. Diva Evina had become an idol. Wherever she appeared she was overwhelmed with flowers and presents. Money came fast and went rapidly. She knew not its value. She ordered that some be sent to her father and was notified that he had died. During the summer she used to live in her

country house in the mountains. Time flew. Years passed in this mode of living, and she had nearly forgotten her youth as a poor girl on the lake.

One night she sang again. The house was filled from top to bottom. The imperial box was occupied by the emperor, the empress and the princess, and the highest court functionaries were about them. At the most sublime part of her song she involuntarily looked up. High up in the topmost gallery she saw a face that was bending down toward her. She beheld a pair of eyes riveted upon her. Her blood rushed to her heart. Something made her think of Vermund. "Perhaps this youth only resembles him," she thought. But for the rest of the time she was on the stage she was unable to take her eyes from this face. She must needs look at him, at him only. That Verround should be sitting there appeared to her as impossible as if the lake itself should have come to the city.

The longer she looked the more striking became the resemblance. It must be Vermund. He carried his head always in that way. No one else could. listen to her so eagerly. Her voice became thrilling, powerful, grander than ever before. She saw the young man pull out a blue checkered handkerchief and wipe first one eye, then the other. Now she was positive that the stranger was Vermund. Her blood went rushing to her head. She felt jubilant. She ran up close to the footlights, and she began in her native tongue:

"Vermund! Come, oh. come! Come over-over-to me!' The emperor rose and applauded. The whole house shook with the acclama- had lost its power-he could not hear tions. Seven times did they recall her. her. He cleared a way for his boat and while they were still clamoring for her appearance she had gone. She had found Vermund, and she took him with

her in her carriage. He told her how he had longed for her. How he had patiently waited, waited and waited till he could endure it no longer. Down in the village they had read in the newspapers that Evina had become a great singer. They told him so, and he went from city to city in search of her. Questions came thick and fast, and they talked about things at home of which Evina had not thought for years. She wanted to ask him about thousands of matters, when the carriage drove up in front of her hotel. She insisted upon Vermund's coming up to her rooms, so that they could gossip. A stream of prominent people swept unceasingly through her apartment. They found no time to be alone. She asked him to come early next morning. She would be free then.

Evina spent a sleepless night. She thought of all the news she had heard about the home of her childhood. She thought of Vermund, and she wished for the dawn. She was anxious to show him all the wonderful and beautiful things she now possessed. She wanted to tell him about how she lived. As she lay on her couch she fancied herself at home again lying flat in her boat angling for trout. She felt as if she were rowing and rowing, but could make no progress. Her line was caught in the reeds. She had never noticed them be-

When Vermund came on the next morning they began to talk. They talked about old things new at home, where the two huts yet stood on the opposite banks of the lake. She had forgotten nothing, her recollection was as vivid as if she had left her old home only on vestereve. She was ready to begin to sing "Vermund, Vermund, come over." when she suddenly remembered where she was. He felt that there could now be no question about marriage and such things. She took him out in her carriage, she showed him the wild animals, the lions, the tigers and the snakes. She pointed out to him all objects of interest in the city. Wherever

they went people bowed to her. When they returned to Evina's hotel they found the table adorned with glistening silver, rich cut glass and fragrant flowers. The waiters brought in delicacy after delicacy. There they sat and talked about the honey cake Vermund used to bring from the village and they had eaten in Evina's hut. So engressed were they that they forgot to

eat the good things set before them. Evina had made up her mind to go next summer to the lake; she must see her old home again. She gave Vermund some money to put her father's hut in order. She would live in it as in times gone by. Their parting was affectionate. Vermund went home. The fish dealer in the village shrugged his shoulders when Vermund told him of Evina's plans for the summer.

But come she did. During the first week she walked and sang in the forest, on the lake and in all the places where she used to sing when a girl. It sounded well. She went rowing with Vermund. and they cast their lines as of yore. The self caught trout had a delicate flavor of its own, and the berries which she picked tasted far better than any dainty served in the best hotel. And the air

was so pure, so fresh, so invigorating. She awoke one morning and found it

tuous. She found it tedious, dismal, dreary and lonely to sit around all day long while the rain was pattering at the windows.

She departed suddenly. She went to the village and thence to the city as fast as swift horses could take her. Her impresario was awaiting her. She began to travel again. Years passed. She earned money rapidly. She squandered it with equal celerity. She spent her summers in watering places. She had to undergo treatment to keep her voice from failing. Once in awhile the newspapers hinted that her impresario should see to it that she took better care of her voice, which had lost some of its clearness. People who demanded money om her became more pressing. She had to travel more to earn funds to meet these demands. The treatment of her throat became more and more diffi-

"Voices of such intensity never last long," said the experts, and hers ought to have been carefully husbanded and scientifically treated instead of being squandered and neglected.

A few more years rolled by. To hear a world famous singer was still interesting enough for many people; but the unstinted applause, the flowers, the presents, became rare. Evina's income, too, diminished rapidly. The time came when the critics became fretful and annoving; they began to call her an organ with pipes broken and tunes missing. Her jewelry had found its way into the pawnshop; her country place became the property of her creditors. She herself had become superfluous to the people who once looked upon her as a brilliant star. They withdrew from her and began to avoid her. Her recollection of the lake became vivid to her. She saw it plainly before her eyes. It was still blue, and it beckoned a welcome to her. Yes, she still could sing there. Out there was no newspaper to sneer at her, no impresario to annoy her, and the old hut was not valuable enough to attract creditors.

One morning Vermund saw smoke rising from the hut across the lake. He had taken care of it for a long, long while. He kept it in order for her, for he knew that she would return some day. He felt it to be his duty to row across and see what had happened. Bending over the fireplace he found Evina preparing her breakfast. She had arrived the evening before, she was not richer than on the day she left her home years ago. But to Vermund it appeared that this was well, for the less she possessed the surer he was that she would remain there. And for her maintenance he thought he could provide. He came across every day. He put

the hut in good condition. He brought fish, and he brought game. He brought sweets from the village, which they shared. Both felt satisfied. They went out fishing together till the cold weather set in, and the ice made it hard to cross the lake. One day Evina stood on the shore and made signs with a scarf. He understood that she had tried to call him over by song, but that her voice through the ice, and when he reached the other shore she told him that there was no food in her house. He thought that the best thing for her to do would be to go back with him to his hut in the boat. They rowed across that very day Snow covered the ground; the winter had arrived. People in the village thought it curious that she, who had been a celebrity in the world, should again have become plain Evina, and that she should have marired Vermund. In their hut Evina used to sit in front of the fire, watching her pots. She would sing or she would hum parts of her operas, and, like an old bird, she would succeed sometimes in bringing forth some broken melody.

And sometimes, when she saw the tall tree tops of the forest, her fancy pictured to her the brilliantly lighted opera house, she saw the upturned faces, she saw the swaying bodies, she heard the deafening applause, and she stooped to pick up some flower. Then she would smile and murmur softly to herself. 'Old age dreaming of youth's pleasnres."-From the German For New York Commercial Advertiser

Did as He Was Told.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well known Brooklyn clergyman, in a talk to his Sunday school urged the children to speak to him whenever they met. The next day a dirty faced urchin accosted him in the street with: How do. doc?' The clergyman stopped and cordially

inquired, "And who are you, sir?" "I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy affably. "Fine day!" And, tilting his hat to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amaze-

Turkeys Tracked by Dogs. The wild turkey in the Ozarks is now hunted with a slow tracking dog, and whole flocks are often killed in this way Till the trained dog was employed to follow up the wary bird this game fowl could baffle the most skillful hunter. Now, when a flock of turkeys is found, the sportsman has little difficulty. A good dog will follow a turkey track that is three or four hours old and set the birds when overtaken, just as the pointer does the quail. After the turkey has been chased awhile it hides in a tree or under a log, and stays there until the hunter, guided by his dog. comes

within close range. It is astonishing what fine instinct a good turkey dog will develop after a few months of training in the woods. He will follow a flock of turkeys for hours just ahead of the hunter, and indicate by unmistakable signs when the game is near. After a turkey has received a fatal shot it may fly half a mile or more. A trained dog will go straight to a wounded or dead turkey with the same precision with which he tracks the game. - Chicago Record.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Miners ville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He .. ys: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

THE PAINTING HABIT.

SHUN THE CRAZE IF YOU ARE NOT ALREADY A VICTIM.

This Story of One Unfortunate Dupe's Life Shows to What an Untamed Thirst For Paint May Bring the Most Respectable of Men.

Of all the vices to which the head of a family can be addicted the paint craze effect upon the mind, clothing and

Unlike drunkenness and playing on brass instruments, it is a vice which can be practiced without publicity, and this is doubtless one reason why it is so awfully prevalent.

There seems to be something wonderfully fascinating in the private paintbrush and the cans of prepared paint that are extensively advertised as combining the twofold mission of preserving and beautifying objects upon which

applied. The man who has once allowed himself to paint the kitchen chairs or the dog kennel takes a step which he can rarely retrace. His thirst for paint, grows with indulgence, and he soon comes to feel wretched unless he has a

brush in his hand. Among private painters there exists a strange and morbid unwillingness to allow a particle of paint to be wasted. The man who buys a pound can of blue paint with which to paint a table, and finds that after the work is done he has a quarter of a pound of paint left, instantly tries to find some other article of furniture on which to use it

Thus he is constantly led on from one article of furniture to another and reduces himself to poverty, madness and

The story of a man who was once a respectable and worthy ratepayer of an adjoining municipality presents a fearful illustration of the misery caused by private painting. The man in question was induced by an indiscreet friend to paint a small dog kennel. Without reflecting upon the danger to which every one exposes himself who takes the unhallowed brush in his hand, this man painted the dog kennel, and with the quarter of a pound that was left undertook to paint the bathtub, in order, as he told himself, that the paint should not be wasted.

He found that when the bathtub was not more than half painted his supply of paint was exhausted, and he therefore bought another can. With this he finished the bathtub and Lad this time three-quarters of a pound left.

It was, of course, impossible for him to allow so much paint to be wasted. and accordingly he began to paint the six kitchen chairs. There was enough paint for five chairs only, and the wretched man saw that he could not help buying a third pound, nearly all of which was left after the sixth chair was

With hungry eyes and excited air he study. Two additional pounds were used before the woodwork was finished. finish the work without buying a sixth can of red paint he had laid on the result dissatisfied him.

As a remedy he resolved to run a narrow bar of black paint around each panel, and therefore bought a pound of the best prepared ivory black. Not more than half of it had been used when the work was finished, and it became necessary to find something on which to use the remainder.

The unhappy man now realized when it was too late to save himself that he was a confirmed painter and that he had not sufficient strength of will to cast the accursed paint brush from him no matter if he did thereby waste nearly a pound of ivory black. He pursued his downward course with great rapidity. Heedless of the tears of his wif and the entreaties of his daughters, he painted everything in the house on which a paint brush could be laid.

His wife and daughters could not go into the street without showing by their involuntary patches of black paint that the head of their house was a private painter. His money gradually found its way into the pocket of the storekeeper who sold the paint, and his health eventually gave way under the influence of painter's colic.-Montreal Ga-

Fishing For Anchors.

One of the queer occupations of mankind is that of dragging for lost anchors. It is carried on in bays and rivers, and even in the open sea along the coast. Several sloops and schooners are engaged almost exclusively in this pursuit. The hunters are as familiar with the ground where anchors are to be found as fishermen are with the favorite haunts of the living inhabitants of the

The matter of fishing for lost anchors is most simple. A chain is let down in a loop long enough to drag along the bottom, and the vessel goes on her way. with all hands on board alert for a bite. and a bite usually ends in a catch.

The recovered anchors are generally sold again at a price of about 5 cents a pound, which is a penny under the market price for new anchors. A big anchor will weigh 6,000 pounds, so that the fishermen make \$250 out of it. More often, however, the anchors fished up weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds.

A Curious Fish.

There is a fish with four eyes along the sandy shores of tropical American seas. It is the anableps and is unique among vertebrates on account of the division of the cornia into upper and lower halves by a dark horizontal stripe and the development of two pupils to each orbit. One pair of these appears to be looking upward, the other side-

Biliousness and constipation are seeds out of which spring many of the serious diseases that afflict the human body Sound judgment would demand the immediate removal of this condition before it develops something more troublesome and difficult to cure. Prickly Ash Bitters is a reliable cure for constipation and disorders of simi-

IMITATION JEWELS.

PASTE DIAMONDS AND OTHER FALSE PRECIOUS STONES.

A Regular Trade In the Alleged Gems That Gleam and Glitter-Who Invented Them and Where This Class of Glassware Is Made.

glitters" were amended to read "All is probably the most devastating in its are not diamonds that glitter," it would be equally true and perhaps more apt; for there's fully as much glitter about jewels, real and false, as there is in gold and its imitations. It is by artfully turning and twisting in the light his tastefully mounted bit of glass that the flimflam dealer in the goods of the famous Dazzle Jewel company is able to catch the fancy and tempt the vanity of the gullible customer, who buys for 25 cents an article which if it were what it purports to be would cost from \$100 to \$500.

To be sure, there are people who purchase paste diamonds knowingly. Occasionally an actress who cannot afford such a luxury and whose admirers have not yet bestowed real diamonds upon her wears paste on the stage. In this case she knows exactly what she is. about in making her purchase. It has been asserted with some show of truthfulness that actresses and singers who have amassed wealth and are the possessors of genuine and valuable jewels have duplicates made which are imitations. The originals are worn only under circumstances where detection would be easy and where the danger of accidental loss is reduced to a minimum. But on the stage and under other conditions where there is more or less danger of carelessness or mischance the paste substitutes are used.

It is even alleged that women in private life, harassed by fear of burglars and tired of having detectives follow them about on occasions when they wear precious stones whose value amounts to hundreds of thousands of buy a pound of red paint with which to | dollars, also resort to this device, securing peace of mind by sending their real jewels to a safety deposit vault and wearing clever imitations at receptions. theaters and balls. To the jeweler the word "paste"

means glass. Sometimes one hears this material called "whitestone" "strass." but these are terms employed by the trade alone and not in talking with a customer They apply only to imitations of diamonds. The business of making jewels is at least two centuries old. Some of the accounts of the invention of strass say that it was known in Strassburg as long ago as 1680 One authority attributes the name to the city where it first made its appearance and another to the man who devised it. Josef Strasser The describe the same article and is an allusion to the great stream on which the paste diamond made its debut. However. "rhinestone" is applied to large specimens, such as are suitable for now roamed through the house seeking | clasps and buckles, and are so enorwhat he might paint, and finally de- mous that no one could possibly miscided to paint the woodwork of his take them for diamonds, whereas dares to plead against the Duke of Lau-"paste" is used to designate an imitation jewel, of about the same composibut he found that in his anxiety to tion as the rhinestone, but small enough to look like a real stone.

A number of formulæ have been depaint so lightly in some places that the vised in order to produce a glass of the right hardness, brilliancy and purity The Jewelers' Circular recently gave a number of them and remarked at the same time that for a century or more no book on glass was considered complete without a chapter on imitation jewels. Even for making "paste" there is a variety of methods and mixtures. and to produce good likenesses of rubies. emeralds, amethysts and other colored

> from any of these. To a certain extent the jewelry trade recognizes this industry as legitimate. That is to say, there are dealers in Maiden lane who unhesitatingly advertise "real and imitation stones." If you go in and ask to see stock, you are asked without hesitation or disguise whether you want to examine the real article or an imitation.

Moreover, there are numerous houses. notably in Providence and Attleboro. which manufacture earrings, finger rings, shirt studs, brooches, belts, buckles, clasps and other articles in various grades of gold and set with imitation jewels. None of the latter are made in America. They are all imported. But the mounting is done here and without apparent intent to deceive, at least so far as the manufacturer is concerned. The retailer who buys from him is not fooled. He goes into the transaction with his eyes open. Perhaps for advertising purposes the manufacturer gives to his glass diamond a fancy name, like "The Dewey Brilliant," "The Evening Star." "The Cigarette," "The Melba' or "The Kimberley," but he does not lie about its character.

Most of the cheaper imitations come from a country famous for its other glassware, Bohemia. But the better ones are made in the Jura region of France, not very far from the birthplace of strass. The less expensive imitations are molded, like "pressed" glass tumblers or dishes. The more costly are cut, and the quality of the cutting counts for almost as much with the importer as color and luster. Imitations that cost from 10 cents to \$2 apiece look to the uninitiated like jewels which would cost from \$75 to \$500, but their nature is easily detected by an expert. who has many tests at his disposal.

Whatever may be said in regard to the "legitimate" trade in imitation j ewels, it is to be feared that an enormous business is done in them by unscrupulous dealers. Such goods are often sold to persons who imagine that they are buying real diamonds. Some of the misrepresentations indulged in are technically legal, but in instances one can discover cases that clearly come within the limits of "obtaining money under false pretenses."-New York Tribune.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chat H. Fletchers.

In the year 1864 the parliament of Dole, in France, was called upon to decide an extraordinary wager between two inhabitants of Pasmas. One of the two had agreed that if the other would pay him \$5 ready money he would furnish him with a certain number of grains of millet in proportion to the number of children who should be born within a certain extent of country and If the proverb "All's not gold that be baptized during one year. For the first child he was to furnish one grain. two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth.

The number of children born was 63, and the proportion of grains to be supplied was so enormous that the party bound by the wager demanded the canceling of the bet as being based on an impracticable condition.

The court decided, after making the necessary calculation, that the wager was naturally impossible to be carried out, and it consequently decreed that the party who had received the \$5 on condition of an event which he declared himself unable to meet should return that sum to his opponent and should pay an additional sum of \$5, which was the only chance of loss incurred by the winner if the millet had been furnished.

Some Famous Sallies.

Great men have been guilty of punning, and some of the most famous of these sallies have come down in history. There is something melancholy about the pun of Dr. Thomas Browne, who, having unsuccessfully courted a lady and being challenged to drink to her health as had been his wont, replied. "I have toasted her many years, but I cannot make her Browne, so I will toast her no longer.

Sydney Smith's jest at the expense of Mrs. Grote had the salt of malice in it. She was famed for ill taste in dress. and as one day she swept by in an extraordinary headdress Smith pointed her out to a friend, saying. "That is the origin of the word 'grotesque.'

Mrs. Grote, however, had her revenge. Sydney Smith's daughter married a Dr. Holland. When the latter was knighted, some one mentioned his wife as Lady Holland. "Do you mean Lord Holland's wife?' asked the lis-

"No,' replied Mrs. Grote. "This new Holland, whose capital is Sydney.' When the barrister Campbell married Miss Scarlett, his friend explained his absence from court by telling the judge that Campbell was suffering from a bad attack of Scarlett fever.

His Only Capture. Voltaire had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies when the Duke of Lauzun arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes word "rhinestone" is also employed to were taken. "That may be," he said. "but I see Voltaire in one. Turn him out.' In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out. He brought an action against the duke to recover the price of the box.

"What!" exclaimed the advocate for the duke "Is it M. de Voltaire who zun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather took 12 cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenov

"Oh, but excuse me, interrupted Voltaire. "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls at La Rochelle nor against the duke who captured 12 cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht nor against the duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy. I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never stones the composition must be different captured anything in his life but my box at the opera.

Lacked the Implement.

The new hired girl was as green as spinach in its first bloom. One day the mistress asked her to make escaloped oysters for the dinner. At dinner the girl brought in the oysters on the plate. "Why. Jane. I told you to scallop "Yes, ma'am, but Hi couldn't find

the scalloper."-Syracuse Herald.

Discussion Postponed. She-I'm very sure you could get work if you wanted it. He-Mebbe so, ma'am. I make it a sule never to argy before breakfast .-

New York World.

- The recent census in Great Bri tain makes the population 39,000,000. - Poverty is no disgrace, but it is seldom used as a testimonial of ability.

A Word to Doctors

We have the highest regard for the medical profession. Our preparations are not sold for the purpose of antagonizing them, but rather as an aid. We lay it down as an established truth that internal remedies are positively injurious to expectant mothers. The distress and discomforts experienced during the months preceding childbirth can be alleviated only by external treatment-by applying a liniment that softens and relaxes the over-strained muscles. We make and sell such a liniment, com-bining the ingredients in a manner hitherto unknown, and call it

We know that in thousands of cases it has proved more than a blessing to Ar Richmond.... expectant mothers. It overcomes morning sickness. It relieves the sense of tightness. Headaches cease, and danger from Swollen, Hard and Rising Breasts is avoided. Labor itself is Ar Port Royal...

Ar Port Royal...

Ar Port Royal... shortened and shorn of most of the pain. We know that many doctors recommend it, and we know that multitudes Ly Charleston. of women go to the drug stores and buy it because they are sure their phys cians 1 have no objections. We ask a trial—just a fair test. There is no possible chance of injury being the result, because Mother's Friend is scientifically compounded. It is sold at \$1 a bot-tle, and should be used during most of the period of gestation, although great

OTTON is and will cona tinue to be the money crop of the South. The planter who gets the most cotton from a given area at the least cost, is the one who makes the most money. Good cultivation, suitable rotation, and liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 3% actual

Potash

will insure the largest yield. We will send Free, upon application, pamphlets that will interest every cotton planter in the South.

> GERMAN KALI WORKS. 03 Nassau St., New York

Public Sale of Valuable City Property.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to me by the Anderson Educational Association, I will sell at public auction in front of the Court House door at Ander-son, S. C., on Salesday in April next,

that valuable property known as the PATRICK MILITARY INSTITUTE.

Formerly Johnson Female University, containing eight acres of Land, with the valuable improvements thereon, situate on the West side of South Main, and South of West Franklin Street, in the City of Anderson, bounded on the North City of Anderson, bounded on the North by lots of John E. Breazeale, Franklin Street intervening, East by J. P. Sullivan and A. T. Broyles, Main Street intervening, South by Mrs. Jane D. Sayre, and West by E. W. Taylor and C. W.

Terms of Sale-One-balf cash, balance twelve months, with interest from day of sale, secured by mortgage, with leave to pay all cash or anticipate payment at any time. Purchaser to pay insurance, cost of papers and stamps extra. JOSEPH N. BROWN, Trustee.

March 8, 1899

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust from Mrs. B M. T. Sloan, (wife of T. D. Sloan,) recorded in the office of Clerk of Court for Anderson County, in Book PPP, pages 633 and 635, I will sell to the highest bidder, unless sold at private sale beforehand, on Salesday in April, 1899, in front of the Court House, at the usual hours of public sales, that certain House and Lot on West Market Street, within the corporate limits of the city, containing four acres, more or less, more fully described by reference to original deed and plat to Mary T. Sloan from B. F. Whitner, recorded in Clerk's office, Book YY, page 396. In addition to residence thereon, which is conveniently arranged and being but short distance of Graded School, there is one two-room Cabin and one one-room Cabin, Stable and other improvements.

Terms of Sale-Cash. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.
J. O. WILHITE, Trustee. March S, 1899

NOTICE

NOW is the time to have your Buggy Revarnished, Repainted, and new Axle Points fitted on. We have the best Wagon Skeins on the market. All kinds of Fifth Wheels and Dashes. Headquarters for Carriage, Buggy and Wagon Repairs. PAUL E. STEPHENS.

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CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASEEVILLE SHORT LINE

In effect January 8, 1899. 9 40 am 1 40 pm

Ar Greenwood... Ar Anderson.... Ar Laurens..... 11 50 am 6 10 pm 1 20 pm 6 50 am 3 00 pm 10 15 am 4 05 pm 3 10 pm 2 00 am 5 33 pm 6 08 pm 7 00 pm 7 00 pm Ar Glenn Springs..... Ar Spartanburg...... Ar Saluda..... Ar Hendersonville... Ly Asheville Lv Spartanburg.... Lv Glenn Springs.. Lv Greenville Lv Laucens..... 10 00 am 4 00 pm 1 37 pm 7 30 pm 7 00 am Ly Anderson. 2 37 pm 1 10 am 4 44 pm 2 16 am 7 30 am Ly Calhoun Falls | 1 00 pm | 3 00 pm | 3 15 pm | 9 45 am | 4 20 pm | 10 50 am | 5 20 pm | 11 05 am | 5 35 pm | 6 15 pm | 6 27 pm Lv Augusta.... Ar Allendale.. Ar Savannah... Ar Charleston... 1 40 pm 1 55 pm 3 05 pm Ly Fairfax...... Ly Allendale........ Ar Augusta......

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens Atlanta and all points on S. A. L. Close connection at Augusta for Charleston Savannah and all points.